

A SONG ON S.^t VALENTINE'S DAY.



1.
Nymphs & Swains now haste away,
Crown with sports the happy day;
Sol begins the World to cheer,
Softer does his beams appear,

2.
Boreas to the northward flies,
In his room soft zephyrs rise;
Let us then each pastime join,
Celia! lovely Valentine.

3.
Listen to the vocal grove,
All is harmony and love,
Sweetly sounds the linnnet lay,
To his partner on the spray;

4.
Echo catches every sound,
And reflects it all around;
All is happiness divine,
On the day of Valentine.

Turner J. 1 Norfolk
K..

1078. d. 13.
2

THE

Young Men and Maids Delight;

OR, THE NEW ENGLISH

Valentine Writer;

CONTAINING

A Variety of Verses calculated to crown with
Mirth and good Humour, the happy Day
which is called St. VALENTINE.

WHICH

The young of both Sexes may read with pleasure; and
those of riper Years find much Entertainment.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

Several new Songs in Honour of the Day,
never before printed.

L O N D O N :

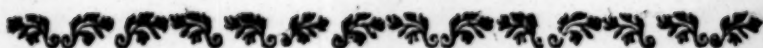
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be signed on the back of the Title Page,
by the Publisher.*

Thos. Sabine





TO THE
R E A D E R.

ST. Valentine's Day has been a Day of Mirth and Festivity Time out of Mind, and is generally kept by the Young of both Sexes, in Town and Country; little Presents from one to another pass; Verses, as well comical as serious, are sent to each other, expressive of the Opinion of the Parties to whom they are sent.

Most of the above Sorts being very old, and rather not fit for the present Age, this Collection which is entirely New, is humbly offered to the Public; and if it serves to pass away an innocent Hour, is all that is aimed at, and is their very

Humble Servants,

J. TURNER,
A. ROSE, &c.

END OF

LEON A.



THE
COMPLETE ENGLISH
VALENTINE WRITER.

DIFFERENT TRADES.

To a LADY with an Ivory Bodkin.

DEAR madam now the spring invites,
To taste of all its sweet delights,
I've chose upon this happy day,
A simple present to convey ;
No harm have I in my design,
You are my charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

I take your bodkin in good part,
And thank you fir, with all my heart ;
I own inderd, with heart and vo ce,
That you long since, have been my choice ;
And when you please, my hand wil join,
With you, my faithful Valentine.

My LORD to my LADY.

My Lady, if you'll be so kind,
To read the dictates of my mind ;

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

You are the object of my heart,
 Your beauty's charming, every part ;
 Then to my wishes now incline,
 And let me be your Valentine.

ANSWER.

Indeed my Lord, you're so polite,
 My heart I own, you've conquered quite ;
 Your title and your person too,
 Have fix'd my mind sincere and true ;
 So to your suit, I will incline,
 And you shall be my Valentine.

JOHN the Footman, to BETTY the Housemaid.

Dear Betty, oft you've known me stop,
 When you've been trundling of your mop ;
 Your rosey cheeks, and anus so plump,
 Made my poor heart go lump a lump ;
 Then dearest Betty, now incline,
 Unto your faithful Valentine.

ANSWER,

Friend Skip, you are not to my mind,
 I tell the truth, and so you'll find ;
 So all your courtship now is done,
 I've given my heart to butler John ;
 To him alone I do incline,
 So you can't be my Valentine.

From the GARDENER to DOLL the Dairy-Maid,

When you are working at the Churn,
 My heart it does to butter turn ;
 Your curds and whey is my delight,
 I'm always happy in your sight ;
 My beds of flowers, when I view,
 Dear Dolly, then I think on you ;

Like

VALENTINE WRITER.

7

Like them you are, so sweet and fine,
I've chose you for my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Thomas, the truth I needs must tell,
I like your person very well ;
For often from the choicest tree,
Nice codlins you have brought to me ;
So to your suit I will incline.
And own you for my Valentine.

The FARMER to his SWEETHEART.

My dearest girl, I don't know how,
But I can neither plough or sow,
For thinking of your matchless charms,
And wish I had them in my arms ;
So sweet, so lovely you appear,
That you, I doat on, I declare ;
And hope you shortly will be mine,
As you are now my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Farmer Jolt,
I'm not a colt,
To be broken by words of thine ;
So you may go,
Ge up, ge ho,
You shall not be my Valentine.

SNIP the Taylor, to MOLLY the Mantua-Maker,

My dearest Molly,
'Tis but folly,
Your Snip the Taylor to decline !

A 3

Then

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

Then be not mute,
 Answer my suit,
 For you're this day my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Pray master Snip,
 Old seems go rip,
 For you shall ne'er touch one of mine;
 I tell you pain,
 Your suit is vain,
 You shall not be my Valentine.

The GROCER to his SWEETHEART, with a Present
 of Raisons, &c.

In love, tho' little reason be,
 Yet reasons now I send to thee;
 In hopes with you, they may prevail,
 To listen to my tender tale;
 Ah! far more sweet than these are you,
 Or any other fruit we view;
 Figs, Almonds, I would all decline,
 Only to be your Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your reasons are sweet,
 And your figs quite complete,
 And your words are so charming and fine;
 Mr. Grocer, I own,
 That I chose you alone,
 To be now my Valentine.

STEEL the Butcher, to his SWEETHEART, with a
 Sweetbread.

Accept my dear, this little treat,
 Tho' you are more than sweetbread sweet;

Your

VALENTINE WRITER.

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Your skin is whiter, far than veal,
Your eyes are brighter than my steel;
O! I will dress you nice and fine,
If you will be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Steel,
Your words I feel,
Yet must your suit decline;
Your sort of wit,
My mind don't hire,
So farewell Valentine.

Mr. FIRKIN the Brewer, to his SWEETHEART.

Your charms do more me prevail,
Than does the strength of finest ale;
Your looks are more than amber bright,
And I am drunk with love downright;
As are my but, my barrel too,
My kilderkin, and hoghead, you;
I'll brew you liquor, near divine,
If you will be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

I love a drop of good strong beer,
Especially, if fine and clear;
So bring a bottle of the best,
And I'll adore you, I protest;
So you the brewer, shall be mine,
Come when you will, sweet Valentine.

Mr. DIP CANDLE, to his SWEETHEART.

If in a dark and Winter's night,
You wish the candles may burn bright;
Then let your tallow chandler share,
Your pleasing smiles, my charming fair;

With

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

With rush, or cotton, what you will,
 I'll strive your wishes to fulfil;
 Bright as your eyes, the flame shall shine,
 If you will be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Faith, Mr. Dip, I like your plan,
 And you shall be the happy man;
 For I have in my head a whim,
 And think that I can top your glim;
 Come then, if you to me incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

MUSICIAN to

The German Flute so soft to hear,
 Can't equal thy soft voice my dear;
 My fiddle with it's longest bow,
 Can't yield a tone to equal you;
 You are my organ, my guitar,
 My tymphony, my chiefest bar;
 My hautboy and my clarinet,
 Then be my Valentine, sweet Bet.

ANSWER.

Good music-master, I suppose,
 My vast perfection you'd compose,
 And I, in ballads very soon,
 Be sung about, quite out of tune;
 These to you I shan't incline,
 Or ever call you Valentine.

POULTERER to

My chick a biddy, pullet sweet,
 Better than ever yet was eat;
 My duck, my plover, and my widgiu,
 My lark, my partridge, and my pigeon;

NALENTINE WRITE

11

My passion prithee do not mock,
But let me be your turkey cock;
My coney. and my hare incline,
To own me for your Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Cock, pray keep at home,
Indeed I do not like your comb;
You crow quite roopy, and for me,
No charms delighting I can see;
You may pluck any fowl but mine,
So you shan't be my Valentine.

From a JAPANNER to

My dearest Molly,
'Tis but folly,
To think I am unkind;
Tho' I have stray'd,
Be not afraid,
For I am true you'll find;
I will jappan,
You all I can,
To make you gay and fine;
Then let me see,
How kind you'll be,
Unto your Valentine.

ANSWER.

You may jappan,
Do all you can,
The truth to you I'll tell;
You false have prov'd,
Tho' I have lov'd
Your wavering mind too well;
If you come here, I do declare,
I never will incline;

Unto

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

Unto your suit, so farewe'll brute,
You're not my Valentine.

ENGRAVER to

Your charming picture, when I trace,
And take the outlines of your face ;
Vain is the utmost of my art,
Your picture engraved upon my heart ;
Then sweetest Polly, pray incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

POLLY to the ENGRAVER.

You're very cunning with your art,
To grave my picture on your heart ;
But Mr. Graver, all your skill,
From me can on y gain good will ;
For I would have you understand,
Another has obtained my hand ;
So beg you will your suit decline,
I must not be your Valentine.

ANOTHER.

The birds now sing,
The jocund spring,
Makes every prospect fine ;
Then haste away,
And let's be gay,
Upon St. Valentine.

JEWELLER to

Your eyes they shine,
Like diamonds fine,
You're brilliant in each part ;
Your cheeks are garnet to my sight,
Your lips are rubies, rich and bright,

VALENTINE WRITER.

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That captivate my heart ;
Then pearl so rare,
So charming fair,
Accept the necklace fine ;
And take my hand,
You shall command,
Your faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

If in your eyes, so bright I shine,
I take you for my Valentine.

To a LADY with a Rose.

Emblem of beauty, charming fair,
I send this rose to you ;
Who with its sweetness, may compare,
Aye, and as lovely too,
Tho' thorns you find, does it surround,
Yet do not it decline ;
They rare to guard, as well as wound,
Like you my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your present sure, is kindly meant,
And for it I'm prepared ;
To use its thorns, I'm content,
To be my beauty's guard.
Yet if in love you are sincere,
I may in time incline ;
To take you for my only dear,
So farewe! Valentine.

JACK to GILL.

My dearest Gill,
I do think still,

You

You are alone my joy;
 Therefore d'ye see,
 If you love me,
 You won't my bliss destroy.
 Since you all others do outshine,
 I've chose you for my Valentine.

ANSWER.

My dearest Jack,
 I ie a crack,
 Will shew how much I love ;
 If you'll be kind,
 Unto my mind
 And ever constant prove ;
 I to such fondness will incline,
 And be your faithful Valentine.]

A VALET DE CHAMBRE, to a LADY'S MAID.

My pretty Miss Prue,
 I send this to you,
 You look like an angel divine ;
 And I am inclin'd,
 'Tis true you will find,
 To chuse you my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Dear Sir, I do declare,
 I have no love to spare,
 Tho' speeches you make very fine ;
 I've another in view,
 Superior to you,
 Who is my true Valentine.

A COACHMAKER, to his SWEETHEART.

If you will be my Valentine,
 'll build a Coach so neat and fine ;

VALENTINE WRITER.

15

And in it you with pomp and pride,
My dear, when e'er you please shall ride;
Such honour, sure you can't decline,
My pretty little Valentine.

ANSWER.

It surely would be a reproach,
Should I kind sir, refuse your coach;
The thoughts on't makes my heart clate,
Like to a queen, I'll ride in state;
All sparkled up, and drest'd so fine,
Along with my dear Valentine.

DOUGH the Baker, to his SWEETHEART.

My chief delight,
Your skin's more white,
Than is my finest flower;
Your hand's like dough,
Much softer though,
Than any in my power;
My hand then take,
For you I'll bake,
Each dish so nice and fine;
If you'll comply, my pudding pye,
To be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your hand I will take,
My pretty hot cake,
And to your fond wishes incline;
With a roll and good butter,
I never shall mutter,
So you are my Valentine.

B

The

The FRUITERER to his SWEETHEART, with an
Orange.

This golden fruit, accept my dear,
Tho' brighter far, you do appear;
Your ruby lips, more sweets produce,
O! how I long to suck their juice;
Then let your mind to me incline,
As you're this day my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good fir, your present I receive,
And own I'm not a little griev'd;
To think you could such stuff produce.
To tell me I am full of juice;
Contented, I advise you be,
You are no Valentine for me.

JEMMY the SMITH, to his SWEETHEART.

Dear Miss Kitty,
You are charming and pretty,
And have wounded this bosom of mine;
Don't be hard as iron,
As your love I rely on,
As you are my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Mr. Smith I declare,
Your mind seems quite fair,
Though your outside's as black as a mine;
You have hammer'd my heart,
And so without art,
You shall be my Valentine.

The GOLDSMITH to his SWEETHEART, with a
Ring.

This little toy, receive my fair,
From him whose love is quite sincere ;
An emblem 'tis that when we wed,
That we the round of life shall tread ;
For 'tis the ring must us unite,
To make our pleasures true and right ;
Then pray my dear, to me incline,
Upon this day of Valentine.

(ANSWER.

Your present is a pretty toy,
And emblem of our future joy ;
So for your sentimental heart,
I will be yours, devoid of art ;
To your fond wishes, will incline,
And be your faithful Valentine.

WILL the Coachman, to JENNY the Cook.

Jenny, when'er you roast or boil,
You make my heart within me broil ;
Or when you're at those pleasing arts,
Of making puddings, pies, or tarts ;
I lick my lips at such good cheer,
And call you then my life and dear ;
What tho' with grease, your garments shine,
Yet you must be my Valentine.

ANSWER,

Go mind your horses in the stable,
You ne'er shall sit with me at table ;
For your own words do plainly prove,
You've nothing more than cupboard love.

So beg you will your suit decline,
You shall not be my Valentine.

• The STEWARD to the HOUSEKEEPER.

While you so careful, and so true,
The household business keep in view;
Manage the servants with such ease,
And can alike each fancy please;
I hope to me, you will incline,
And take me for your Valentine.

ANSWER.

Why Mr. Steward, I must own,
That you, I oft have thought upon;
So well you manage your affairs,
As every one alike declares;
It would be blindness, want of spirit,
Not to acknowledge so much merit;
Therefore to you, I will incline,
And take you for my Valentine.

SMUT the Chimney-sweeper, to BESS the Ragwoman.

My dearest Bess,
As you may guess,
We soon shall fill our bags,
If you'll incline,
Sweet Valentine,
To join with Smut your rags.

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Smut,
I'm hardly put,
Yet can't your suit decline;
Then bring your bags,

To join my rags,
And be my Valentine.

PUFF the Barber, to SUE the Sempstress.

O! Sue, if you'll but think of me,
Ah! then how happy shall I be;
I'll try my skill to dress your hair,
The sweetest powder will prepare;
In highest taste your curl shall flow,
If you to me some kindness shew;
Then to my wish, your heart incline,
And take me for your Valentine,

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Puff,
You've said enough,
But faith I can't incline;
I'll not agree,
For you to be,
Indeed my Valentine.

A MERCER to his SWEETHEART.

No silk of mine,
Is half so fine,
Indeed, I scorn to flatter;
No rich brocade,
Howe'er display'd,
Or any other matter;
So dear to me,
As you can be,
Your person is divine;
Then come my fair, to me repair,
And be my Valentine.
Chuse what you will,
Your fancy fill,
My shop is large and wide;

B 3

Your

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

Your mind to suit,
 I'll not dispute,
 To serve you, is my pride.

ANSWER.

So kind you are,
 I do declare,
 You are the man for me;
 A filken gown,
 I love, I own,
 It makes me look so gay;
 Into your shop,
 I soon will pop,
 My fancy for to please;
 I know your mind,
 Is not inclin'd,
 Your Valentine to teaze.
 Without delay,
 I'll come away,
 And to your wish incline;
 So kind you are,
 I do declare,
 You are my Valentine.

The DISTILLER to his SWEETHEART.

There's not a drop,
 Within my shop,
 Of spirits rich and rare;
 No cordial sweet,
 Is so complete, as you my charming fair;
 To my fond wishes, now incline,
 As you I've chose my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Devoid of art,
 I own my heart;
 To love, can be no crime;

VALENTINE WRITER.

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Then haste away,
Make no delay,
Nor lose a moment's time ;
Your suit, I never will decline,
And you shall be my Valentine.

DOCTOR to his SWEETHEART.

The pains which I endure,
No medicine can cure ;
No drug that I can find,
Can heal my love sick mind.
Come feel my pulse my dear,
And banish ev'ry fear ;
Unto my wish incline,
And be my Valentine

ANSWER.

Dear Doctor, your advise,
You need not give me twice ;
I drugs and physic hate,
So prithee, cease thy prate.
You ne'er will one obtain,
Your courtship is in vain ;
I never will incline,
To be your Valentine.

The GLAZIER, to

Since I put in a pain of glass,
For you my most transparent lass ;
My heart, I find, is full of pains,
And your bright form, still there remains ;
You are my diamond, and my dear,
I am like putty, when you're near ;
Then mould me with that hand of thine,
As you must be my Valentine.

ANSWER

ANSWER.

Faith Mr, Putty, you are clever,
 I think I could be yours for ever;
 I'm sorry for your pains indeed,,
 Therefore to 'business lets proceed;
 If your true, and quite sincere,
 As you at present do appear;
 To wedlock, if you do incline
 I'm your's, my constant Valentine.

To an OLD MAID.

Your deep sink eyes, and withered face,
 Your rotten teeth which seem to chafe;
 Each other, in your lanthorn jaws,
 Your hands which are like lobsters claws;
 Your graceful gait, and slender shape,
 Put me in mind of Pug, the Ape;
 When dressed in petticoats so fine,
 Yet you are sure my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Thou monkey, dressed up like a bear,
 I'm not for you, I'd have you know;
 So lean, so lank, you skip away,
 You are the make game all the day;
 Your own sweet person you admire,
 But can't fulfil love's fond desire.
 My indignations you may see,
 I am no Valentine for thee.

TOMMY to PEGGY.

The morning chearful, all things gay,
 The lamkins skip and bound;
 The birds are singing on each spray;
 All nature smiles around;

Haste

Haste then my Peggy to the grove,
The chorus let us join;
For only thou can Tommy love,
My charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

The summons, Tommy, I'll obey,
And join the happy throng;
Like lamkins skip and play,
The moments to prolong;
With you I'll seek vernal grove,
Where sweets around combine;
With purest innocence and love,
And be my Valentine.

To a LADY with a Pair of Garters.

Blush not, my fair, at what I send,
'Tis a fond present from a friend;
This garter made of filken twine,
Were fancied by your Valentine.
The motto dictated by love,
Is simply, I think on what's above;
Then to my suit, your ear incline,
As you must be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Dear Valentine, tho' some old prude,
Perhaps might think your meaning rude;
Yet rail at meaning, which they make,
Yet gladly would a lover take.
I own I love a decent jest,
Which with good humour is expressed;
So to your wishes I incline,
And take you for my Valentine.

The

The COME-MAKER to

Your auburn locks so charming flow,
 And in most pleasing ringlets twine;
 Your so good natured too I own,
 You will accept this comb of mine;
 'Tis ivory, white as is your neck,
 Will help to dress you very fine;
 Then take it now your head to deck,
 My pretty, charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your ivory comb you boast so fine,
 Shall never touch a hair of mine;
 Your Valentine, then pray forsake her,
 She will not have a loose-trap maker,
 Comb your own skull, which is so empty,
 You have not wit enough to temper me.
 Farewel, farewel, your fortune's told,
 Another seek to have, and hold.

To a LADY, with a Watch.

The moments, minutes, and the days,
 Pass hastily away;
 Old fleeting Time for no one stays,
 And beauty is his pray;
 View then with joy, his heedful eyes,
 And you will sure incline;
 The present fleeting hour to prize,
 And love your Valentine.

ANSWER.

The moments, minutes, and the hours,
 I know, fly very fast;
 Yet I at present can't be yours,
 I am not in such haste;

My

My heart at present I will keep,
And to this text incline ;
That is to look before I leap,
My gentle Valentine.

SOLDIER, to

I am a soldier, bold and true,
And ready still to fight for you ;
My sword it is a shining blade,
And trusty too, as e're was made ;
My musket good as e're was shot,
Beside, I am no drunken sot ;
To a red coat, your love incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

A soldier is to honour true,
So I incline my heart to you ;
When foes approach, you are a guard,
And beauty should be your reward ;
Come then my Willy, to your true,
Who will be ever kind and true ;
In camps, or marching, will be thine,
A loving faithful Valentine.

IRISHMAN, to

My brisk honey dear,
Tho' the brogue may appear,
On the countenance of Paddy Wnack,
Yet his love it is true,
As the foot on your shoe,
And courage he never does back ;
Tho' I'm but a chairman, I'll make quite fine,
Then be after consenting, my sweet Valentine.

ANSWER

ANSWER.

Arrab, who my dear boy,
 Your my darling and joy,
 You have such a notable back ;
 Your suit I approve,
 You shall be my love,
 My studdy, my stout Paddy Whack ;
 If you, as you say, then will make me quite fine,
 I'll be after consenting, my sweet Valentine.

TRUNKMAKER, to

Tho' wicked wits,
 As fancy hits,
 At trunkmakers may grin ;
 Less work than noise,
 Say us employs,
 Yet let those laugh that win ;
 We, boards and leather,
 Put together,
 To hold what's rich and fine ;
 And a trunk for you,
 I have in view,
 My charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Mr. Trunkmaker, you perhaps think me a scoffer,
 Because I don't chuse to accept of your offer ;
 But the truth is, I think there can be but small joys
 Where there's so little work, and so very much noise ;
 So beg you'll forget this poor person of mine,
 For I'm sorry you've chose me for your Valentine.

SAILOR, to

My charming Sue,
 I've steer'd to you,
 Through many a stormy sea

VALENTINE WRITER.

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In hopes at home,
When I was come,
You would be tack'd to me,
On Valentine,
If you'll be mine,
Let the parson us unite ;
Then in love's bay,
We'll kiss and play,
And revel in delight ;

ANSWER.

My dear true blue,
My heart to you,
I always did decline ;
So if you will,
Your word fulfil,
I'll wed on Valentine.

To a COOK with a Rolling Pin,

My charming Cook,
So plump you look,
Which first my heart did win ;
That I have sent,
Pray be content,
To you a rolling pin.
When making paste,
To speed your haste,
It will be very fine ;
Make no excuse,
And don't refuse,
To be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your rolling pin,
Does make me grin,
Tho' I'm all over grease ;

C

To

To haste you well,
 The truth I tell,
 My fancy much would please ;
 Then Sir, good by,
 Nor crust or pye,
 Shall you have when I dine ;
 For such a cake,
 I cannot take,
 To be my Valentine.

BELLOWS MAKER, to

Since first you did my fancy take,
 Ne longer bellows I can make,
 My leather, wood, and nails I've lost,
 And in each thing alike I'm cross'd :
 My wind is gone, I'm out of breath,
 And I shall pine myself to death ;
 Unless you will be shortly mine ;
 My lovely, charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Master Bellows,
 No longer tell us,
 How much you do repine ;
 I've that behind,
 To help your wind,
 Fit for my Valentine.
 Come when you will, you'll find it true,
 And so bid you now adieu.

BUTTON-MAKER, to

In making of buttons, there's none like me,
 Come hither Valentine, and see ;
 So bright and charming, on my soul,
 You'd wish to be the button hole ;
 How I'd rejoice at such a loop,
 I then should be quite cock a hoop.

Then

VALENTINE WRITER.

29

Then pray my dearest, now be mine,
Since you are Button's Valentine.

ANSWER.

You saucy fellow, it can't be,
You make a button hole of me r
Go make your button for vain beaux,
Whose wit is only in their cloaths;
You ne'er shall trim a suit of mine,
You button-making Valentine.

HAY-MAKER, to

Last Summer, when the new mown hay,
We tedded both together;
How charmingly did pass the day,
Tho' very hot the weather;
Your rosy cheeks then won my heart,
They had a glow divine;
Then prithee, use no female art,
But be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

I fear, alas! if I should take,
Your story in good part;
You in the end would prove a rake,
And that would break my heart;
But yet I don't know what to say,
Your letter is so fine;
So call upon some other day,
My gentle Valentine.

SHOE-MAKER, to

To win your heart, poor Crispin sues,
To fit you with a pair of shoes;

C 2

A Prince

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

A Prince by birth, as all can tell,
 Such dignity must please you well;
 I'll try my thread, and wax, to boot,
 And stitch your fancy nice to suit;
 With silk or sattin, very fine,
 To charm my lovely Valentine.

ANSWER.

Most noble Crispin, I believe,
 You do not mean me to deceive;
 So you shall try what you can do,
 In fitting on my foot, a shoe;
 And it is both fine and neat,
 Alike in every part complete;
 You need not fear this heart of mine,
 Will prove a constant Valentine.

To a LADY, with a Pair of Gloves.

To your soft hands, I now commit,
 These gloves, for none like you so fit;
 Made from the kid's most tender hide,
 Whose innocence was all its pride;
 Your innocence like his, I know,
 And like your skin's as white as snow;
 Take then the present, and incline,
 Your heart to me, sweet Valentine.

ANSWER.

So smooth your words, your gloves so fine,
 I take you for my Valentine;
 Still will be innocent and free,
 And keep my heart alone for thee;
 Your gloves I'll wear, for your kind sake,
 And with every pleasure take;
 So you've no reason to repine,
 At such a faithful Valentine.

To

VALENTINE WRITER.

31

To a LADY, with a Pincushion.

This is an emblem of my heart,
Tho' it can't feel alike the smart;
The points that in it now are found,
Can not like Cupid's arrow wound;
So sharp they pierce this heart of mine,
Thro' your bright eyes, sweet Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good lack a day, can it be true,
That I so sore have wounded you;
I'm very sorry for my part,
And will relieve, with all my heart;
If you with kindness will pursue,
I'll be a pincushion to you;
Where you may stick your pins so fine;
Come when you will, sweet Valentine.

BRICKLAYER, to

With mortar and trowel,
You know I do no ill,
But a mansion can raise very high;
Then sweet Valentine,
If you will be mine,
You shall have a fine house by and by,

ANSWER.

My charmer, my sweet,
I will kneel at your feet;
And to your fond wishes incline;
Your mansion so great,
So charming and neat,
Will please your own Valentine.

WEAVER, to

The filken web I'll weave for thee,
 If you will kindly fancy me ;
 Brocade tiffue shall be thine,
 My dearest pretty Valentine.
 Come loom, my shuttle try,
 I warrant it will please your eye ;
 My bobbins too, I'll shake about,
 And all to please you, without doubt.

ANSWER.

Though fair your promise, Mr. Weaver,
 I doubt you'll prove but a deceiver ;
 But if your heart is right and true,
 I'm ready to strike hands with you ;
 Bring me a pattern, rich and fine,
 And I will be your Valentine.

BRAZIER to his SWEETHEART, with a Warming Pan.

My Valentine, to me incline,
 I've sent a warming pan ;
 I'm a man of metal,
 Can mend your kett'e,
 My charming lovely Nan.
 Then let us haste,
 Nor time more waste,
 But to loves will incline ;
 Copper and bras,
 Shall please the lass,
 Who is my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your pots and pans are very clever,
 So I am your's, now or never ;

Your

VALENTINE WRITER.

33.

Your warming pan is neat and fine,
So come along, sweet Valentine.

STAY-MAKER, to

The slender waste, ah! let me fit,
How nicely I your shape can hit;
The rising bosom I'll display,
Thy fitting hips shall all survey;
In ev'ry part you shall be fine,
My little pretty Valentine.

ANSWER.

If you will try your utmost art,
To win my simple Virgin heart;
To make my shape look nice and fine,
Then you shall be my Valentine.
Come when you will to take my measure,
I will receive you fir, with pleasure.

SADLER, to

When ever you're inclined to ride,
A handsome saddle I'll provide;
Soft to your bum, as soft can be,
Sweet Valentine, then fancy me
Ah! kindly to my suit incline,
My only pretty Valentine.

ANSWER.

When I've a mind to take the air,
A saddle then you may prepare;
And if you please, you may attend,
To do the office of a friend;
For fear that I should get a fall,
And pick me up again, that's all;

Perhaps

Perhaps I may to you incline,
And own you for my Valentine.

FISHMONGER, to

You are the girl I take delight in,
Much more than haddock, smelts or whiting ;
Flat as a flounder I shall be,
Unless you kindly pity me ;
And to my tender heart incline,
Who are alone my Valentine.

ANSWER.

I do despise your cod and whiting,
For fish I never took delight in ;
You're a red herring, or a sprat,
A crab, a shrimp, a prawn, and that ;
So I must now your suit decline,
You shall not be my Valentine.

MALSTER, to

If you agreeable will be,
My Valentine, come now to me ;
My malt you'll find is good my dear,
And fit to make the best of beer ;
As amber clear, as rich as wine,
To please your palate, Valentine.

ANSWER.

I own I like your humming stuff,
Dear Valeneine, quite well enough ;
For tho' my nature's to be sober,
I love a glass of good October ;
Malt make the liquor that I love,
Therefore I must your suit approve ;

Come

VALENTINE WRITER.

35

Come when you will, I shall incline,
To be your faithful Valentine.

SAWYER, to

I am a sawyer by my trade,
And you will find, a hearty blade ;
Then to my love, ne'er stand see saw,
Your person near my pit now draw ;
No dust shall flow into your eyes,
Which much above all things I prize ;
You now my Valentine must be,
And none is so beautiful to me,

ANSWER.

Your words indeed, are fine and limber,
And you may think that I am timber ;
But yet, for a'l your sugar'd words,
You shall not saw me into boards ;
I never, never, can be thine,
So chuse another Valentine.

TURNER, to

This is the morning of the spring,
The blytheft day throughout the year ;
When all the birds begin to sing,
And lads and lasses gay appear ;
To turn' to me, do now incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

Friend Turner, I will turn to thee,
If you as kind, will turn to me ;
But if you shou'd to others tread,
I fear you then would turn my head ;
Turn to the church, if you incline,
To chuse me for your Valentine.

CAR.

CARPENTER, to

My chiswel and my mallet too,
 Neglected lie, for the sake of you ;
 My ax is rusty grown I'm sure,
 My saw, no file can ever cure ;
 It's teeth are blunt, so is my plane,
 Then do not now my suit disdain ;
 But to your carpenter incline,
 And be my smiling Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Chip, I say,
 You've taken the wrong way,
 To win a girl like me ;
 Your suit you must decline,
 I'm not your Valentine,
 Or ever wish to be.

QUAKER, to

Fair lump of earth incline,
 To be my Valentine ;
 And I again to thee,
 A faithful friend will be ;
 And like the turtle dove,
 As fond and constant prove.

ANSWER.

Friend Caleb, I incline,
 To be thy Valentine ;
 If thou love me alone,
 I'll be bone of thy bone ;
 Then come thou unto barne,
 Thy faithful Spouse I'll be.

VALENTINE WRITER.

To a LADY, with a Bracelet.

I let this my love, adorn thy arm,
And may it prove a magic charm;
That when you do this bracelet see,
You kindly then may think on me;
And every tender thought of thine,
Be to your faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

When love in generosity,
Comes hand in hand, we must comply;
Dear youth, I kindly take your chain,
And will relieve you of all pain.
You are the idol of my heart,
Hymen shall join us ne'er to part;
To you alone I do incline,
A kind and loving Valentine.

To a LADY.

The linnets sing, the ring-doves coo,
All nature now is gay;
Come Phillis, let us do so too,
To please e haste away.
If you be mine, I will be thine,
Upon the day of Valentine.

ANSWER.

I love to hear the linnets sing,
I love to hear the turtles coo;
My fancy now is on the wing,
To trace the groves along with you.
There's nothing can be more divine,
Then haste and be my Valentine.

A LANDLORD to a WIDOW, with a Dram Bottle.

To raise your spirits when you're ill,
This bottle you with brandy fill;
Or rum, or anniseed, or gin,
It does not signify a pin;
Each will the cloudy vapours clear,
And make your heart as light as air.
Yuu'll surely not the gift decline,
Which comes from your own Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Froth,
Upon my troth,
Your bottle I decline;
For rum, or gin,
Don't care a pin,
You're not my Valentine.

From an UNDER TAKER.

Don't think my fair and pretty maid,
Because death dealing is my trade;
I wan, to shroud you in my arms,
Or bury your enchanting charms;
No sooner coffined I would be,
E'er I woult live to bury thee;
My only wish, and chief design,
Is but to be your Valentine.

ANSWER.

Indeed you terrify me so,
I vow I can't tell what to do;
An undertaker, e'er I'm dead,
Fo, no, it never shall be said;
That to your wishes I incline,
You shall not be my Valentine.

VALENTINE WRITER.

39

To a LADY, with a Lock of Hair.

Accept, my fair,
This lock of hair,
And send me one of thine;
Which I will take,
For thy dear sake,
My charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

A lock of hair,
From you my dear,
I never will decline;
But send to you,
What is as true,
My faithful Valentine.

LAWYER. to

Let me your own attorney be,
My deeds shall all be true to thee;
My love I'll send you in a brief,
And you shall be my law in chief;
My Court of Chancery, and King's bench,
For you are sure a pretty wench;
Your skin is more than parchment fine,
And you must be my Valentine.

ANSWER:

No doubt, a lawyer is of use,
To public safety does conduce;
Yet fear my jointure is the cause,
In which perhaps you'd find some flaws;
But I shall keep what now is mine,
So farewell, Lawyer Valentine.

D

NEEDLE-

The COMPLETE ENGLISH

NEEDLE-MAKER, to

As you can work so very fine,
 I have a needle sent;
 Which, as you are my Valentine,
 I hope will give content;
 But let me beg of you, my dear,
 Don't prick your fingers, pray my dear.

ANSWER.

Your needle, I with pleasure take,
 Which is a useful thing;
 And can a robe or mantle make,
 For princes or for kings;
 Your shirts too, I can stitch quite fine,
 When e'er you please, sweet Valentine.

An ACTOR, to

When I appear upon the stage,
 I know I must your mind engage;
 In every part I most excell,
 But as a lover bear the bell.
 Don't let me at your feet repine,
 But kindly be my Valentine,

ANSWER.

Good Mr. Bombast, get your part,
 But you shall never get my heart;
 You may sir, rant, and wine, and rage,
 And seem a hero on the stage;
 But neither rage, or rant, or whine,
 Will I have for my Valentine.

HATTER

HATTER, to

My felt, my beaver, and my fur,
You've in my bosom made a stir;
That night or day I take no rest,
Alone you fill my throbbing breast
I'll brush you up quite nice and fine,
My pretty charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Good sir, another love pursue,
I never will be felt by you;
My fur, or beaver, or my hat,
Believe me you shall ne'er come at;
So beg your suit you will decline,
You shall not be my Valentine.

MASON, to

My Venus made of alabaster,
Consider, love's a sad disaster;
Your heart is harder than a stone,
And yet I wish it was my own;
I'd give a pillar, neat and fine,
To you my charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Erect your pillar when you please,
My mind's intent to give you ease;
Tho' I'm no Venus, I declare,
I'll meet your wishes to a hair;
To all your kindness I decline,
And you shall be my Valentine.

PIN-MAKER, to

A corking pin I've sent to you,
To pin your bonnet tight;

Some minikins I have in view,
 I'm sure will please you quite.
 My love accept, to me incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your corking pin,
 Or minikin,
 I beg I may decline;
 I'll not have one,
 So pray be gone,
 You're not my Valentine.

WHEELWRIGHT, to

My dear, believe I do not joke,
 When I declare you are my spoke;
 You are with so much beauty crown'd,
 So plump, so charming, and so round;
 That I declare with truth to thee,
 I long to be your axle tree;
 Then to my wishes, pray incline,
 As you are my sweet Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your flattering speeches I can feel,
 You've got a wheel within a wheel;
 But you may turn your wheel about,
 Polish your spokes, and make a rout;
 Yet you can't win the heart of mine;
 Nor shall be my Valentine.

SAPHERD, to

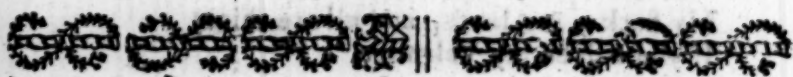
On flowry meads, my flock is fed;
 Around are lovely prospects spread;

Come

Come Sylvia, to thy shepherd haste,
The sweets of nature all to taste;
My flocks, my herds, and all are thine;
If you will be my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Fond Shepherd, I to thee am true,
No other e'er will love but you;
I to the meads will haste away,
And with the shepherd pass the day;
My lamb's along with you I'll join,
And you shall be my Valentine.



S O N G S

O N

St. VALENTINE.

HARK! thro' the grove,
The turtle dove,
So sweetly heard to coo;
And on each spray,
The linnets lay,
Now cheers its female too;

II.

On yonder bush,
The warbling thrush,
Does with the black bird join;
All, all, around,
Is charming found,
Upon St. Valentine.

III.

Come Phillis, haste,
And let us taste,
The freshness of the grove;

Like

Like turtles coo,
And fondly woo,
And ev'ry rapture prove.

S O N G II.

I.

THE sky lark hails the orient day,
And sweetly pours the tuneful lay;
Such music is almost divine,
Upon the day of Valentine.

II.

How pleasingly resounds each grove,
Where all is harmony and love;
How each sensation must refine,
Upon the day of Valentine.

III.

The lads and lasses all so gay,
Now o'er the meadows trip away;
Good humour is their chief design,
Upon the day of Valentine.

IV.

The murmuring rill, the leafy shade,
Will soon again now be displayed;
Phœbus in brighter lustre shine,
Upon the day of Valentine.

THE rosey morning shines confess,
 To make each earthly creature blest;
 The spring approaches now apace,
 And nature shews her loveliest face;
 To love does every heart incline,
 Upon the day of Valentine.

II.

Hark! how the groves with rapture ring,
 How sweetly now the linnets sing;
 The lambkin joyfully skip and play,
 And gabol all the live long day;
 Each prospect is around divine,
 Upon the day of Valentine.

III.

Along the meads, and o'er the plains,
 With joy and glée, and mery strains;
 The nymphs and shepherds trip alone,
 And with the woodlark join their song;
 To love does every heart incline,
 Upon the day of Valentine.

S O N G IV.

NOW the happy hours prolong,
 Mirth, and music, dance, and sing,
 In the sunshine and the shade,
 Many a nymph and swain is laid;

II.

Hark! the birds begin to sing,
 All to welcome in the spring;

Flora does again appear,
With her smiles to crown the year.

III.

Softer is the gentle breeze,
Murmuring now between the trees ;
Brighter skies will soon be found,
Charming prospects all around.

V.

Come Maria, to the grove,
And listen to the cooing dove ;
Taste of raptures near divine,
On the day of Valentine.

S O N G IV.

YE lads and lasses huffe away,
Crown with sports this happy day ;
Chearful let the minutes fly,
While the lark salutes the sky.

II.

While the lambkins skip and bound,
Let us trip a merry round ;
O'er the meadows, o'er the plains,
Haste ye jocund nymphs and swains.

III.

Now's the time for mirth and glee,
Every thing is blyth you see

Birds

Birds are finging, doves are cooing,
Nature all around is wooing.

IV.

To St. Valentine we owe,
All that rapture can bestow;
All alike then let us join,
To the praise of Valentine.

S. O N G VI.

Now Valentine is come again,
To lead the laughing spring;
The milk maid carols o'er the plan,
And sweet the birds all sing.

II.

The primrose blows beneath the shade,
The violet rears its head;
And daffadills are all displayed,
To form a golden bed.

III.

The skylark tunes its song on high,
And sweetly coos the dove;
The hills and valleys round reply,
All nature teems with love.

IV.

Come polly, fairest of the fair,
Soft pleasure let's pursue;
Taste all the sweetness of the air,
And join the songsters too.

VAL.

VAL.

You are pretty and witty, and charming and fair,
And lest I should fall a sad prey to despair,
I intreat you to join and expel all my pain,
That I may be happy and joyous again;
The ribbond I've sent as a token to you,
By it colour expresses that still I am true:
Then keep it and wear it, dear charmer of mine,
And believe me whenever you please, I am thine,

ANSWER.

The gen'rous fire that warms the soul, does prove,
And that alone, the pleasing charms of love,
What nobler flames the lofty minds inspire,
How are they rais'd to more refin'd desire,
In what divine embraces do they join,
When holy hands their mutual contracts sign;
Such bliss I long to taste, if your love's true,
Away, name the day, you've nothing else to do.

VAL.

If to dazzle mortals sight,
Charms like yours were made so bright;
Made and sent to from above,
Who can blame me if I love?
If I pant to call you mine,
Who is now my Valentine?

ANSWER.

As well the infant that but reads the stage,
Is said to leave it in a good old age.
As will poor insects may be said to live,
To whom their birth-day does their fun'ral give,
As you may hope I ever will be thine,
And so adieu, poor Valentine.

VAL.

VAL.

Now the happy day is come,
 That I think to know my doom ;
 That I think to know if true,
 What I've often heard of you ;
 That you bear a genrous mind,
 That you are exceeding kind ;
 If fame speaks whats true incline,
 And be my only Valentine.

ANSWER.

Dick and Tom, I've refus'd, bus you my dear Harry,
 If you so will, I'm determin'd to marry.

VAL.

Cast my love, thine eyes on me,
 All my pangs with pity see ;
 Hear my sighs, my heart will break,
 Feel my woes ! compassion take :
 Let Hymen bind me unto thee
 I in bondage shall be free !

ANSWER.

Could I but hope, your love was quite sincere,
 To keep it so, should be my chiefest care ;
 If on my brow one hair amiss I spy'd,
 That very hair should soon be rectified.
 But, as I doubt, you must endure your your smart,
 Till you have satisfy'd my fearful heart.

VAL.

Sweet Peggy attend to a fearful young swain,
 Who trembles the while he's relating his pain ;
 It's an odd kind of pain, here it is at my breast,
 Tis heaving, and throbbing, and keeps me from rest.
 I ne'er

I ne'er felt the like---Oh! I cannot endure it,
Was thy bosom to mine, very likely 'twould cure it.

ANSWER.

Thou'rt welcome Strephon, I a welcome give,
Thou'rt welcome there to die and there to live.

VAL.

Sweetest nymph that trips the green,
Brightest I have ever seen;
If my passion you'd approve,
Grateful I would be to love.
Ever loving, fond of thee,
Couldst thou, wouldest thou, fancy me;
Trust then to your sighing swain,
And in pity ease my pain.

To little MISS with a Doll

Dear miss this little present take,
And keep it for the givers sake;
And with it take this good advice,
Always to keep it clean and nice;
For by those means, we plainly see,
As you grow up what you will be;
So hope you will not now decline,
To be my pretty Valentine.

Another.

Sweet is the rose and violet too,
And sweet the primrose in the dale,
The lilly delicate of hue;
Or hawthorn blossoms in the vale;
Sweet is the cowslip in the mead,
And sweet the curling elegantine,

But

But he who does every sweet exceed,
Is you, my lovely Valentine.

Another.

Come Colin let us haste away,
The mead, the plain, and all is gay;
The nymphs, and swains all blyth appear,
To hail the kind returning year;
Let us the happy pastime join;
Since you are now my Valentine,

ANOTHER

The birds in pairs from tree to tree,
With swelling notes and raptures flee;
Music resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
And all is harmony and love;
Soft spring returns with all her train,
To crown with joy the happy plain;
Say Sylvia will you now be mine,
Since you I've chose my Valentine.

Another,

I've sent a token to my love,
And hope her kindness now to prove;
Since on this ever happy day,
All nature's full of love and play;
Yet harmless still is my design,
'Tis but to be your Valentine.

TOM to my LADY'S MAID.

Your cheeks my sweet dear,
I to c'aret compare;

Your eyes are like sparkling champaigne;
And your skin my dear Nabby,

Is softer than tabby,
 Who does in the gutter complain.
 While here I'm a dweller,
 Not all in my cellar,
 The richest and choicest of wine;
 Can give me such pleasure,
 Tho' all is full measure;
 As you my sweet Valentine,
 To the pantry come down,
 My wishes to crown;
 I'll give you a relish that's fine;
 I've a slice of rich gammon,
 Brawn, sturgeon, and salmon,
 For you my sweet Valentine.

ANSWER.

You impudent clown,
 I soon will come down,
 Tho' not to your pantry or larder;
 To tell me of brawn,
 Who dress in long lawn;
 But your place shall be ten times the harder.
 My Lady shall know,
 What you've got to bestow,
 And how you make waste of her wine;
 Her sturgeon, and salmon,
 And dainty fine gammon,
 So much my sweet Valentine.
 Beside you're a fool,
 Who in love knows no rule,
 A brute like a bear or a swine;
 Then pray send no more,
 Your suit pray give o'er,
 For you shall not be my Valentine.

JOHN the Footman to MARY the Cookmaid.

Mary your eyes still shine so bright,
 They're like dead whittings in the night;
 Your arms are brawney, brown and tough,
 Their skin like any hog's back rough;
 Your voice the screech owl does excell,
 Your breath a pole cat is as well;
 Your mouth, a sparrow is my dear,
 It reaches but from ear to ear;
 In you such charms as one combine,
 chuse you for my Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your wit is past like an oyster knife,
 The blun est I ever beheld in my life;
 It hues, and it backs at a terrible rate,
 And is a just emblem of your addle pate;
 So take my advice, and the honour decline,
 For you never I vow shall be my Valentine.

Another.

The birds begin to stretch their throats,
 And fill the grove with pleasing notes;
 Love fills their little breasts with joy,
 And does their easy with employ;
 Come then Amanda let us rove,
 Along the mead, or through the grove,
 To tender thoughts your heart incline,
 And crown the day of Valentine.

Another.

Now appear the primrose pale,
 And the lilly of the vole;
 Spring returns in all her pride,
 Sweetest fragrance spreading wide;

And

And aloft the feather'd throng,
Raise the note, and tune the song;
If your is your love is true as mine,
Come and be my Valentine.

Another.

St. Valentine leads on the mode,
The birds proclaim the happy dawn,
All nature orders the pow'r of love;
Then hasten Celia to the grove;
My constant heart I'll there resign,
If you will be my Valentine.

Another.

As frolick and gay,
The lambkins at play,
And the birds are a singing so fine;
Come haste to the grove,
My joy and my love,
And be my true Valentine.

Another.

Hark! the milkmaid in the dale,
Sweetly carrols with the pail;
While the birds as sweetly sing,
All to welcome in the spring;
Can ye nought from this divine!
'Tis the day of Valentine!
Let us hasten o'er the plain,
And join with joy the happy train.

E 3

Another

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH

Another with a pair of GLOVES.

Accept this pair of spotless Gloves,
Dear Nancy, queen of little love ;
And while the present you survey,
Believe 'tis true what I shall say,
That you are charming as the day ;
And innocent as lambs at play :
At church then say you will be mine,
Since you have been my Valentine.

Another with a RIBBON.

The blush of morn, his ribbon shows,
A colour lovely as the rose ;
And emblamatically speaks,
The hue which does adorn your cheeks ;
So soft, so blooming, and so fine,
Are you my pretty Valentine.

Another with a THIMBLE.

I saw this morn as I past by,
How quick you did your needle ply ;
To fingers which can move so nimble,
I've sent a little silver thimble ;
And own I wish to call you mine,
Upon the day of Valentine.

Another with a HALTER.

Since Collin clot,
You are the lout ;
That proves my Valentine,
I humbly hope,
This strong cart rope ;
Will tell you my design :
To hang yourself,
You foolish elf ;

You stooped aſs and clown,
Where you may ſtay,
For ever, and aye,
'Ere I would cut you down.

Another with two ROSE BUDS.

How ſweetly do theſe roſe buds ſo,
How beautiful to the view,
'Juſt ſo my lovely Valentine;
I wiſh to join with you.
How happy is the married ſtate,
When hearts like roſes join,
Then take my Chloe for your mate,
My lovely Valentine.

Another to a Gentleman with a WATCH PAPER nicely
cut, representing two hearts.

For you I have diſp'ay'd my ſkill,
And hope you will not take it ill;
Two hearts, our paſſion to approve,
I've ſent the emblem of true love;
Each with a ſpiral flame is crown'd,
And flowry wreaths the circle bound;
May th's our hearts united join,
And bleſs the day of Valentine.

Another.

On St. Valentine's day,
All nature is gay,
And winter give place to the ſpring,
Then if you'll be mine
Upon St. Valentine;
Let's haſten to hear the birds ſing.

Anothe

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH

Another with a SMELLING BOTTLE,

If vapours should distress my love,
 The virtue of the bottle prove;
 Exhilarating salts will chase,
 Each languid humour from her face;
 Her spirits raise, relumne her eye,
 And make the spleen directly die;
 Then take this useful joy of mine,
 And bless your happy Valentine.

Another with a pair of work'd RUFFLES.

As I oft have observ'd you've a delicate fist,
 So a pair of work'd ruffles I've sent you for each;
 Not doubting at once they'll my industry prove,
 And place me still nearer your heart and your love;
 Which greatly will add to the rapture of mine,
 'Tis ends the address to my dear Valentine.

To an old man with a pair of SPECTACLES.

Since your eyes are grown dim,
 And your head seems to swim;
 In an ocean of folly and strife,
 These optics I send,
 As you know I'm your friend;
 To help you in choosing a wife.
 A young lass like me,
 Can never agree,
 With one who like winter is cold,
 Then my dear Valentine,
 Pray change your design;
 Look for one like yourself who is old.
 Spindle shanks, gouty feet,
 Breath not very sweet;

Will

Will sure never aid your design,
Go hobble about,
Another find out;
So fare ye well Valentine.

To a little Master with a BOOK.

To whom I call little friend,
This book of wisdom now I lend;
With care peruse the instructive page,
The morals will your mind engage;
If needful you the precepts scan,
In time you'll be a good young man;
And as a fav'rite of mine,
I chuse you for my Valentine.

Another with BOW and ARROWS.

I send you this my little spark,
That you may learn to hit the mark;
The mark of wisdom, virtue, truth,
And thus you'll be a happy youth;
And with the best may always vie,
While vicious cares still you fly;
If thus you always strive to shine;
You still shall be my Valentine.

VAL.

As I happened along the gay meadows to pass,
My dear lovely fanny I saw on the grass;
You let me pass on--not so much as a look,
My heart felt the slight and I look'd at the brook;
I've a great mind thought I, at once to leap in,
Did Fanny but know, 'twas she caused the sin:
But on second reflection--it seem'd much better,
You shou'd first know I lov'd, by word or by letter;
This being the day it is said, birds do pair,
I thought it a suitable season, my fair:

Give

Give your hand with your heart, and a smiling kind look,
And I'll promise to think more of you, than the brook.

ANSWER.

You like false centries, ill your charge perform,
And favour the surprize, that should the camp alarm,
Then boast your conquest, slight the girl betray'd,
Man sure, for greater purpose was made.
How hard my fate, if I should fondly believe,
The only man, I wish not to deceive:
'Tis in your power, if honest is your love,
To make it so, that I may it approve.

V A L.

I love you by—what?—for 'tis said by the hye;
If love he swears, he will certainly lye.
I love you, indeed, on my honour 'tis true;
If you doubt me—why take me, and try what I'll do.

ANSWER.

Your Valentine I've received, and in answer do say,
If you doubt me, why take me, and try what I'll do.

V A L.

Hail dear charming, blooming fair,
Henceforth thou shalt be my care;
Henceforth with those honest arms,
I'll protect thee from all arms:
Then of me don't be afraid,
Come and dwell with me dear maid.

ANSWER.

Vain are the hopes the firmest leagu's produce,
Thy tyrant keeps no faith, regards no truce:

He does not to the peace he makes incline,
 To take advantage is his whole design:
 Thus sooner ice or snow shall join with flame,
 Than I with you, I know you, and your aim.

VALENTINE

Farewell Sue, doubt not I'm true,
 And will ever be to you:
 Strait I must away to sea,
 Very loath to part from thee;
 See it blows a pleasing gale,
 See we're getting under sail:
 There's no time for further prating,
 Soon the French we must be raving:
 And, when we have beat the French,
 I'll return to thee my wench!
 With my pockets lined with gold,
 Pleasing sight for to behold.
 We'll in raptures arm in arm,
 Trip to church and quit the farm;
 There be tightly splic'd together.
 To remain in future weather,
 Keep this for my sake, adieu,
 I'm yours, farewell, your owe, true blue!

ANSWER.

O that you'd hear, ye gentle powers above,
 And smile propitious to my ardent love;
 That you, no other would prefer to me,
 But still be true, as I will be to thee.
 Then should my arms with pleasure bear thy weight,
 And be thy safe enclosure ev'ry night.

Thy

Thy manly cheeks my eager lips should kiss,
 Nor fear, nor shame, should interrupt the bliss;
 What would I do to make my transport known,
 What would I do? what would I leave undone?
 My vows I'd keep, my grateful thanks I'd pay,
 Bless the glad change, and hail the welcome day.

V A L.

Restless love, who's never easy,
 But when finding means to tease;
 Took it this morning into's head,
 (Just as I had arose from bed,
 And having quite forgot the day,
 Under the door did make my way:
 To place exactly in my view;
 Your charming self, indeed 'tis true;
 Your cherry lips and brilliant eyes,
 Quite did wry business in a trice!
 Quoth I (and then my mouth did water)
 "Hang her a jade, could I get at her!
 I'd -what?—I don't know what I'd do,"
 I therefore ask advice of you.
 "Whether (you think) I'd better live,
 And taste the comforts you can give;
 Or rather hang myself or drown?"
 I wait your answer, at the crown.

V A L.

The feather'd race together meet,
 And all is harmony complete;
 The tuneful blackbird and the thrush,
 Make vocal every tree and bush,
 Like them my dear in love let's join,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

VAL.

Sweet maid I'm a soldier, to fight is my duty,
From conquest I came; tho' conquer'd by beauty.
Tho' virtue stands centry, why there let her stay,
A sum to the person soon drives her away;
Zounds! my spirits beat high sound, sound the alarms,
To the field! I'll not yield, but die in your arms.

VAL.

If I was not in love, I should hardly write this,
To acquaint you I'm almost distracted dear miss;
Your charms have undone me, I'm quite out of order,
This curs'd love is (I believe) like no other disorder;
Do come to me, write for me, always be sending,
To know how I do, till you hear I am mending;
Then step in yourself, if you can me endure,
And tell me you're come for to perfect my cure.

VAL.

Ah! Lucy my poor heart is broke!
Ah! had you felt the piercing stroke,
You must, you would have pitied me,
I'm now a skeleton d'ye see!
All over, really quite undone,
Can't read in Coke nor Littleton;
Nor hope for fees, the're vanish'd gone!
Do let me see thy pretty face,
Give thy opinion on my case;
For should you think 'twill cause much sport,
I would not bring it into court:
I'll see you if you'll plead my cause,
And bring me off with some applause;
Acknowledge you have fav'd my life,
And make you happy, as my wife!

F

VAL.

VAL.

Restless love, who's never easy,
 But when finding means to tease ye,
 Took it this morn into's head,
 Just as I had rose from bed,
 And having quite forgot the day,
 Unto the door did make my way,
 To place exactly in my view,
 Your charming self—indeed 'tis true.

ANSWER.

Love scattering round his darts, among the rest;
 He shot himself into my artless breast;
 Thro' blood and bones the shaft like light'ning stole,
 And with strange influence seized my melting soul.
 Now in a flame unquenchable I burn,
 And feel my breast to another Etna turn.
 If such thy passion, I've a better heart to give,
 An equal match; come then, and it receive.

VAL.

Cast my love thine eyes on me,
 All my pangs with pity see;
 Hear my sighs, my heart will break,
 Feel my woes!—Compassion take;
 Let Hymen bind me unto thee,
 I in bondage shall be free!

ANSWER.

Could I but hope your love was quite sincere,
 To keep it so thou'd be my care;
 If on my brow one hair amiss I spy'd,
 That very hair should soon be rectified
 But, as I doubt, you must endure the smart,
 Till you have satisfied my careful heart.

VAL.

VAL.

Kitty, sprightly, gay and young,
 Whose dear charms I of't have sung;
 Dearest Kitty tell me why,
 Thus you let me pine and die?
 Te'l me Kitty, (love of mine,
 And to day my Valentine)
 Why you let me prostrate kneel,
 And regardless turn your wheel?
 Me the least you seem to mind,
 Tho' to others very kind;
 Is it thus you mean to prove,
 The excess of truth and love!
 If 'tis so, I must submit,
 Though I suffer much by it:
 Hoping sometime you'll incline,
 To bless your faithful Valentine.

VAL.

My Celia is my life,
 Without her I'll not live,
 The fairest of her sex she is,
 To win her I will strive.

V A L.

With beauty she is blest,
 And wit likewise in store,
 If she is not my Valentine,
 Then I will be no more.

V A L.

Sweetest nymph that trips the green,
 Brightest I have ever seen;
 If my passion you'd approve,
 Grateful I would be to love;

Ever loving, fond of thee,
 Could'st thou, would'st thou fancy me!
 Trust then to your fighting swain,
 And in pity ease my pain.

V A L.

She who is my Valentine,
 And, in whose praise I court the nine;
 Is so gentle, kind and free,
 That in her no fault I see.
 So exact in every feature,
 And so blessed with good nature;
 Does she speak or does she move,
 Still she fills the soul with love.
 Let her, ye Gods, I ask in pray'r,
 Let her be your peculiar care,
 May you each act of hers, approve,
 And bless her in her fondest love.
 May envy, malice, ne'er oppose,
 Their venom 'gainst my sweetest rose.
 So may she no misfortune see,
 But quite serene and happy be.

ANSWER.

I confide 'd the matter this morning at nine,
 Contain'd in a thing, which you call Valentine.
 I read it, and read it, but could not find out,
 Though I try'd at it, what it was all wrote about:
 However this eve, I shall be in the grove,
 To hear you explain it;—I hope 'tis not love.

V A L.

O most deceitful of mankind,
 This comes to put you fresh in mind;
 Of what I suffer for your sake,
 Tho' you no kind return will make.

My

My panting heart is now inditing,
My trembling hand is also writing;
A line or two, to let you see,
Your folly and your cruelty.
You could have thought that you to me,
Would ever so deceitful be!
But now I find that nothing can,
Prove so deceitful as a man.
And being sore with grief oppress'd,
I'll range the world from east to west;
Will slight your sex with all disdain,
And never think of man again.

VAL.

Securely sleep my dear and take your rest,
Whilst my poor heart lies bleeding in my breast:
And when from sleep you do awake,
Remember her who sorrows for your sake.
One thing my dear I do require,
Your heart is all I do desire.

V A L.

These lines to you my dear I write,
And with the same my heart indite:
Each drop of ink that from my pen doth fall,
It hath a tear to mix the ink with all:
As my poor heart is close confin'd in pain,
Come set it free—and it shall be your gain;
But should you think the quantity too small,
Come, quickly come, take body life and all.

Another.

Sweet heart, and better,
I've sent you this letter;
Pray join your affairs with mine;

F 3

Should

Should you with a girl kinder,
You'll be put to't to find her,
Then stick to your true Valentine.

V A L.

Fate decrees, it must be so,
Thai you must my passion know.
Know that I am deep in love,
And your kindness wish to prove;
Let me not in vain implore,
For 'tis you whom I adore;
And with you would live and die,
Think and send a kind reply.

ANSWER.

I lov'd thee when a boy dress'd in thy infant charms,
And unblam'd clasp'd thee in my tender arms,
I love the still and do thy suit approve,
And wish to enjoy the object of my love.
I long to have thee to myself alone,
Nor fear thy censure now my love is known.

V A L.

As I rambled about t'other day all alone,
Thinking much of the subject of "bone of my bone"
Whether best to live single, or best with a wife,
I assure you within me was terrible strife;
Thought I to myself, one is stupid alone,
And I am sure I have read two is better than one,
So I fix'd on a wife, that wife shall be you,
If you please, and I will be constant and true.

ANSWER.

You say you'll marry, cou'd I see the day,
I know no bliss beyond, for which to pray.

VAL

VAL.

'Tis somewhat odd, and very funny,
 That I, the morning being sunny,
 Should just unto the window pop,
 As you was trundling of your mop!
 Am-z'd I stood, while love took aim,
 So well my heart has since been amē!
 Indeed, my dear, I quite forgot,
 The business that I came about!

Thought I, if she'd (that's you) be mine,

As now she is my Valentine.

Lord, lord, how happy should I be,
 Down comes our clerk—pray, Sir, said he,
 What stupid notions fill thy head?

You can't have long been out of bed;

You have not lighted yet the fire.

Zounds! I am burnt up with desire!

Said I, and thought I had said enough;

And so it prov'd --for with a cuff,

He bade me go my business mind,

And left me to reflect behind.

Thus you have heard my woeful case,

And all occasioned by your face;

All this you may make up again,

And ease me of my throbbing pain.

By only being of-- my wife,

And faith I'll love you all my life.

ANSWER.

What a fool you must be, by the lines you have written;

Is easily seen; but I think I am smitten,

With your person or passion, is foolish indeed!!

If your heart is wounded, why e'en let it bleed,

Till 'tis empty, for Sue; she's resolv'd not to share,

Or partake (for your sake) of sorrow and care.

VAL.

VAL.

Among the lasses on the green,
 There's none like you, so fare is seen;
 None so sweet, and none so fine,
 Nor fit to be my Valentine.
 Then come my fair, let's haste away,
 And join in love this happy day;
 Nature approves the soft design,
 Then come and be my Valentine.

Another.

To you these loving lines are penn'd,
 Your charms and beauty to commend;
 Your face is fair, your eyes are bright,
 And only you can me delight;
 Then in return pray send a line,
 To prove you are my Valentine.

Another.

Because young man you're stout and tall,
 Good humour'd too, the best of all;
 It pleases now this heart of mine;
 To choose you for my Valentine.

Another.

You are young I confess, but an ill looking love,
 About Polly and nonsense you keep up a rout;
 I am sorry it is the misfortune of mine;
 To have such a booby for my Valentine.

Another.

To you my heart was long inclined,
 Yet bashful still to tell my mind;

But

But now the season does invite,
And fills all nature with delight;
Therefore my heart does now incline,
To own you for my Valentine.

VAL:

My dear I hope you'll this receive,
And what I now relate believe;
I love you more than misers gold,
You are all lovely to behold;
Which makes my heart to you incline,
And chuse you for my Valentine.

Another.

My fairest love pray grant to me,
The favours that I ask of thee;
Thou art my Valentine 'tis true;
Then let's wed without more ado.

Another.

The man whom I would wish to have,
Must be both virtuous, true and brave;
Him that I send this paper to;
Shall be my Valentine most true.

Another.

My Celia is my life,
Without her I'll not live;
The fairest of her sex she is,
To win her I will strive.

Another

Another.

With beauty she is blest,
And with likewise in store,
If she is not my Valentine,
Then I will be no more.

VAL:

If love's a crime, then I'm a rogue!
For all the passions much in vogue;
Cupid's in fault—'twas he that set,
Me thinking about thee my Bet—
Then punish him by eating me.
'Twill blunt the wain's shaft hee'll see:
Perhaps he'll promise ne'er again,
To give us honest mortals pain.

ANSWER.

For your passion I'm sorry, but don't be enraged,
When I tell you in earnest, I've been long engag'd,
Get what comfort you can, I assure you poor Ned,
It is Dick, and Dick only, shall share half my bed.

VAL.

'Tis Valentine's day, and it happens you're mine,
Though 'tis twenty to ten if I chance to be thine:
But that's not to my purpose; the matter is this,
I should like at the altar thy sweet lips to kiss.
Should you have no objection, pray fix on a day,
It in March, 'twill to me be, as pleasing as May.

VAL.

Hard to describe those matchless charms,
Which long I've wish'd within my arms.

Yet

Yet I'll attempt—thy nut brown hair,
Thy skin, like snow white lillies fair;
Thy taper fingers, and thy waist;
By Venus self can't be surpasst.
Much more there is—but how should I,
Describe what yet I ne'er did spy!
Thy well turn'd limbs, and rising breast,
On which e'en deities might rest;
Convince me, thou art half divine.
Dearest, do let me call thee mine.

VAL.

Love, I never knew thy power,
Till this last, this happy hour;
Till my Sylvia's form was seen,
Tripping with her graceless mien.
Ah! how easy was her air,
And her skin inviting fair;
Round her fine neck in ringlets hung,
Her hair; and then, her nimble tongue,
Such sweet accents so m'd her song: }
Silent I stood, in transport lost,
With tumultuous passions tost.
Give me with eagerness I cry'd,
Give me but Silvia for my bride;
Let me with Silvia happy be,
Kings may keep their thrones for me.

VAL.

My peace and plenty you, each hour atten',
And may you never lose or want a friend;
May all your hours pass as you desire,
And may you wed the girl you most admire.
May you be blest with all that heaven can send,
Long life, much pleasure, and an honest friend.

ANSWER

ANSWER.

Farewell thou dear delightful place of joy,
 Where I have oft beheld thee, happy boy ;
 How hard to love, and yet that love conceal,
 I still must love, but can't that love reveal.
 We lov'd each other with an equal flame,
 Our eyes repeated what I dare not name.
 Had I my liberty and you was free.
 Now in this earthly world I'd chuse but thee !
 But since hard fate has proved so unkind,
 Go from my sight, but never from my mind.

VAL.

Then will thou go, and leave me dying here ?
 Is this thy kindness, this thy love, my dear,
 And do I then so great a burthen grow,
 Thou wilt not stay till I can with thee go ?
 Stretch forth thy hand, thy follower to meet,
 Or if not lend thy hand, yet stay thy feet.

VAL.

Was there ever an urchin like Cupid so fly ?
 Well armed and mounted aloft in the sky ;
 He wounds, and we love, and then off he does fly,
 That I have wounded, alas, is too true,
 And that I can only be healed by you ;
 Is likewise a fact. Ah ! what shall I do ?
 I'll rely on thy pity, dear charmer of mine.
 Sure you'll not break the heart of thy poor Valentine !

VAL.

If you love me as I love you,
 Nothing but death shall part us two.

VAL.

VAL.

No peace I've had since first thy form I view'd,
And at each view I find my pain renew'd;
These lines are sent to let my charmer know,
He only is the cause of all my woe.
Haste quickly to me, and relieve my pain,
Give me thy heart, and with it peace again.

ANSWER.

Lost between joy and fear in the surprize,
I hardly could give credit to my eyes.
And is she then in love? and am I he?
How lucky 'tis, as I am in love with she!
Come then, my Va'entine, I'll every fear remove,
And I'll give our mutual passion to improve.

VAL.

Tell the lov'd object of my thought and eye,
How I his martyr and his victim die;
Distilled in love's alembick, I expire,
Pack'd up like roses, by too warm a fire;
Or dry'd, like lillies, which have long in vain,
Expect the refreshment of a gentle rain,
Tell him the cause of all my grief will prove,
(Without his help,) my death; for oh! 'tis love.

G

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

No mortal on earth shall be found half so true,
As you love me my dearest, as I'll be to you.

VAL.

Shall my just grief by force be kept quite mute,
Full of disease, of physic destitute?
I thought thy love so constant here: afore,
That vows were needless to confirm me more:
And can'st thou now absent, and slight my pain?
What fault of mine has caus'd this cold disdain?
Thou who has caus'd, can'st thou forget my grief,
Which only from its author seeks relief.

VAL.

Can all my suff'rings no compassion move,
And would'st thou yet persuade me thou dost love?
It's oft been said, believe it she that will!
That those who love, each others torments feel.
Can'st thou behold my grief, and seek no way,
For my redress? true love brooks no delay.

ANSWER.

Choice fragrant scents from thy lov'd temples flow,
And on thy lips the sweetest roses grow,
Thou breath'st the odours of the spicy casts,
In myrrhy dew thy balmy words are drest.

Whate'er

Whate'er perfumes in the vast world are found,
In a rich compound mix'd, in thee abound.
So great thy power, you rule o'er ev'ry sense,
Come when you will, I'm ready to fly hence.

VAL.

Can'st thou, unkind! my wretched fate?
Canst thou behold, and not commiserate?
Look on and see if causeless I complain!
Give me thy hand, and mitigate my pain.

VAL,

'Tis true I love you, and with great respect:
'Tis true I'm treated with a cold neglect.
I thought my frowns were but dissembled heat,
And all my threatening looks an amorous cheat:
As nurses oft, seem to deny a kiss,
To make the fonder suppliant steal the bliss:
So I believ'd thou did'st abscond and flee,
Only to make me faster follow thee.
But now, alas! 'tis earnest all I find,
And not pretended anger but design'd;
Relent dear maid, soften that heart of thine,
And try to love your loving Valentine.



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Answer	_____	ib.
Carpenter to his sweetheart	_____	36
Answer	_____	ib.
Quaker to his sweetheart	_____	ib.
Answer	_____	ib.
To a Lady, with a bracelet	_____	37
Answer	_____	ib.
To a Lady, and Answer	_____	ib.
A Landord to a Widow, with a dram bottle, and Answer	_____	38
Udertaker to his sweetheart	_____	ib.
Answer	_____	ib.
To a Lady, with a lock of hair	_____	39
Answer	_____	ib.
Lawyer to his sweetheart	_____	ib.
Answer	_____	ib.
Needlemaker to his sweetheart, and Answer	_____	40
Actor to his sweetheart, and Answer	_____	ib.
Hatter to his sweetheart, and Answer	_____	41
Mason to his sweetheart, and Answer	_____	ib.
Pinmaker to his sweetheart	_____	ib.
Answer	_____	42
Wheelwright to his sweetheart, and Answer	_____	ib.
Shepherd to his sweetheart	_____	ib.
ANSWER.		

